

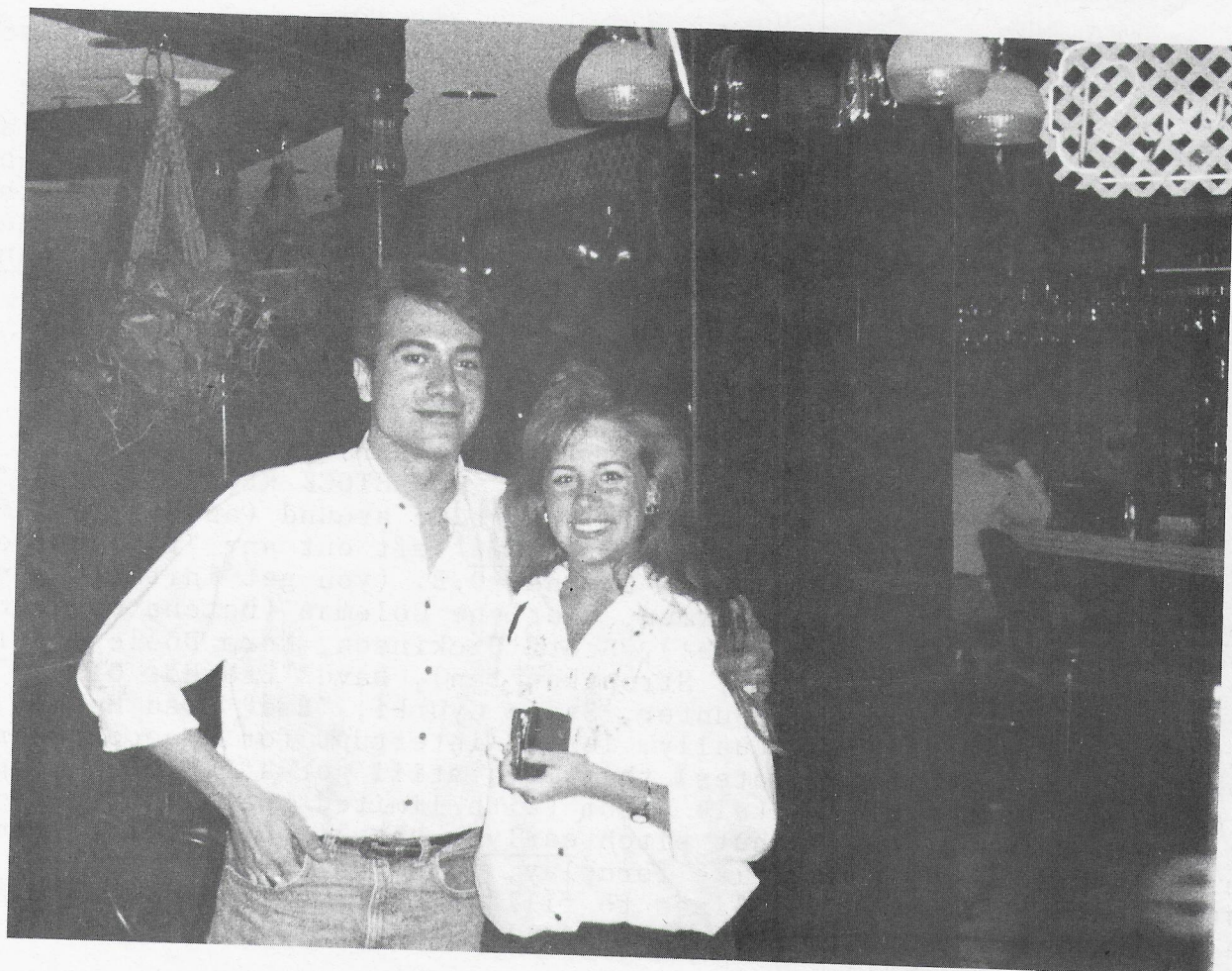
FREE BONUS STAPLE ATTACHED !

GROOVY



SPECIAL THING

#1



G.P. #17 - \$1.50

"Who's the lady with the log?"

START!

Wow - look at all the wild colors, maaan...hey! How's it goin'?! Pretty good myself. Welcome to **GROOVY GAG SPECIAL THING #1!** (A special note to all wrestling editor/publisher types who I am now officially begging to plug this - please just mention **GAG SPECIAL** so we don't scare anybody off, okay? Also, overseas price is \$2 via Air Snail, as opposed to the \$1.50 for us North Americans. Thank you.) Since this is the first issue of **GAG** to be available to the general public, I'm sure many of you first time readers will be totally fucking lost at various points in here. So for assistance, here is my new and improved, revised answer to the burning question, "What the hell is **GAG**, huh?!".

"**GAG** (**GRUNT 'N' GROAN**) is a highly personal, mostly humorous publication of sorts, designed mainly as a means to keep in touch with some cool people, written for the most part by Jeff Zinger, a 28 year old record store owner from Woodstock, Ontario, Canada (with "help" from J.Z. Travis, his evil, perverted and sick-minded alter-ego who takes over Jeff's mind from time to time). Not just concerning wrestling (there is more to life, believe it or not), topics may include chintzy B-Movies, pornography, small land animals, Jeff's love life, cool music, ~~Jeff's love life~~, and Christina Applegate, among other important things!"

I also will try to help you out somewhat as we go, when there's something that I really want everyone to understand. Anyhow, my personal favorite column I write in **GAG** is "Random Meanderings...", where I get to ramble on about everything under the sun, try to make as little sense as possible, and confuse the heck out of everybody. You will find, though, in "Start!", "The Bit At The End.", or anything else I might write - that I do basically the same thing...other than the three dot (...) stuff (and the slightly smaller type I can get by adjusting the print pitch on my brand new typewriter - more on this momentous occasion later!). Hey - enough of my gabbin' (until I change columns, at least) - let's do some creds, man!

CREDITS AND STUFF!

GAG is forced upon you by Jeff Zinger, 541 Devonshire Ave., Woodstock, Ontario, Canada N4S 5P9. Phone: (519)539-4515. **WOODSTOCK RECORDS** phone/fax: (519)539-3373. Thanks to a whole bunch this time around (and if I've forgotten anyone, blame J.Z.! By the way, I have left out any "famous" people to protect their "reputation"): Dick Bourne, D.B. (you get initials - you're only half famous, man!), Allan Bowman, Charlene Coleman (betcha never been thanked in a rasslin' sheet before!), Scott Dickinson, Norm Dooley, Jeff Fraser (world's biggest Chief Jay Strongbow fan), Dave "Brother Of Joe" Flaherty, "Mean Mike Silo Guy" Gunter, Steve Gyurki, "Bad" Brad Hoskin (the man with Ric Flair hair!)...actually, let me interrupt for a second here. It looks like (from my rough notes) that I've still got a lot more people to thank and a lot more stuff to talk about (with limited space), so why don't we hit those dots and change that pitch early - yes, it's time for "Pre-Random Meanderings...", kinda like foreplay, I guess (oh - not (quite) yet - I've still got (a couple) more lines to fill up on this page. Nice weather (we're having), isn't it? Pretty good stalling (tactics), huh? Hey - it's (fucking) "Bracketmania!")...

PRE-RANDOM MEANDERINGS...

...and does it ever feel good being in here!...Continuing on with the thank you's: Mukhan Norman Stacey Hoskins Singh, Scott Hudson (great **OBSERVER** parody, dude!), "Uncle Ivan" Hitchcock, Suzette Kenney (my hyperactive little sister), John Kinsman - "The Master Of Reality", "Wild" Wade Keller, Kevin "Son" Kohl, Bill Kunkel (pretty sick stuff, guy!), the man known only as Klon, "Hot Rod" Leighton, "Christmas" Lindsay, "Lunch" Lavine (that's from J.Z. - I tried to stop him!), Kim Langford (Hot Hair Bitch!), Ron Lemieux (I'll bet your subs have gone way up, R.L.!), Gilles Longtin (call you soon - really!), Johnny MacAdam (not looking good, bud...), Dave Moss (the man who keeps my store in business!), Rob "Gubman" Micoli, J.D. McKay, Jr., Al-Bob Mullins, Sr., Greg "I'm 19!" Oliver, Loree Presswell (my 14 year old spelling consultant), Ted Presswell (her husband), Andy Rodriguez (if you were Apter, then you'd be famous!), Dan Reilly (for the photo of J.Z. and Girl which adorns the front cover - Girl is Woman's 14 year old daughter, of course), my fax buddy Steve "It May Not Hit Bottom But It Sure Beats The Hell Out Of The Sides" Sims, John Smith (for the nick-name for Sims, a line that's actually used when discussing a certain part of John's lower anatomy), Tim "Sorkman" Sorkin, Gregg "Give Me Booze Or Give Me Death!" Scatton, Paul "Tito" Sebastian (good thing you paid up, man!), Nicky Suozzi, Brian "Chilly BT" Tramel, Ian Trotter (when ya gettin' married, Ian?!), Harry "Hiro" White (you know, it makes me so proud to be a member of the Four Whoresmen Of Perversion, knowing that our Administrative Director is Harry - kinda makes life worth living!), Jim "Fuzzy" Szoller, and I think that's it...If you notice - other than on the cover - I didn't use many computer made column headings this time around. I spend so much time on layout, design, and typing already, and since everything has to be as perfect as possible ('cause I'm such a picky bastard!), and since those computer things drive me fuckin' nuts (trying to paste them on the page ever so straight) - they're history!...Remember, you Yanks - it takes 30¢ not 25¢, to mail a letter to Canada... No subscriptions of any kind are available for **GAG** at this time...Next issue may be back to the two page freebie format (or it may be another **SPECIAL THING** of some sort - you know I never know what I'm doing!), so you newcomers to the **GAG** "family" better write me with large amounts of praise for my writing "talents" to get on the super exclusive **GAG** mailing list! (I mean, you don't wanna miss your chance to buy the very limited edition **GAG CONDOMS** when they're available, do ya?!) You older readers can write, too - especially the ones I haven't heard from in a while...If you'd like to try to make more sense out of this issue, and find out if I can get any stranger, why not order the **GAG BACK ISSUE SET**? This consists of issue #'s 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 (**THE MISSY HYATT FUN CLUB MAGAZINE**), 8 (**GAG OBSERVER NEWSLETTER**), 9, 9A, 10 (**THE BLANK PIECE OF PAPER!**), 11, 12, 14, 15, and 16, sold as a set only, for \$10 (this includes fucking \$1.90 First Class postage!). Overseas - \$13...If there's a check right here ✓, you are receiving this free of charge for one reason or another that I may explain personally in "A Personal Note" later on this page. If there is a check here , well, I've sent this out to you now thinking that you would rather pay me when you get it - rather than wait for it. Correct me if I'm wrong. And if there's a check here , hey - you've already slapped me some cash, man!...Remember when I used to say that if I sent you **GAG** that you were to feel free to copy it and send it out to any "cool" people that you wanted to? Well - not anymore! Let 'em buy their own copy, please - I need to sell a lot of these things to reach my goal of somewhat breaking even (this offset printing really is expensive up here - especially when you add the fucking 22% Federal and Provincial taxes we have to pay on top of it. Honest, Lance!). Hey - enough foreplay. Are you all worked up? I know I am! Hasta la vista, buenos le penus, and all that stuff!

A PERSONAL NOTE

So **GAG** got a lot of hype over the couple of years so I did this one off that was available to the general public and sold hundreds of copies - I never remember exactly how many, but think it was around 800. That was huge for a "indie" type of sheet. (cant say)

CHILLY BT'S TOP TEN GUIDE TO CAPTURING AN ARENA RAT!

10. Flash money (not \$1 bills).
9. Say "I know _____ (insert wrestler's name). He's real cool!".
8. Offer to buy her a soda and popcorn.
7. Compliment her Ratwear (clothes worn by a Rat).
6. Carry a camera - 35mm makes you look important. Don't take a 110, Disc, or Polaroid!
5. Tell her "smart" backgrounds of wrestlers.
4. Wear cowboy boots - snakeskin only!
3. Dress in flashy clothes, like gold chains and open-breast shirts.
2. Shave your head to look like Hulk Hogan.
1. Wear a condom at all times!

RANDOM MEANDERINGS...

...Hey - how's life, folks? Mine's okay. Store's still as busy as ever. Lloyd, Mary and Ripper are doing fine (although I'm actually moving out of the family home soon - do you believe it? And so young, I mean - I'm only 28!). Who's gonna cook and clean for me? Oh, I know - a Hot Love Babe From Hell That Cooks And Cleans! If I can find one, that is - I'm still single (it's a fucking drought!). I can't even remember the last time I even had any Big-Time Bimbo Fun (then again - depending - I probably wouldn't wanna remember, anyways), let alone an actual date! Actually, I did come close to some action happening recently. Me and the boys were out at the **SOUTHSIDE TAVERN** (better known as "The Zoo", our fave bar hang out place here in good old Woodbone), when this blonde with a skin-tight mini dress thing, real cute face, hot hair, great legs, fairly big br...anyhow, she comes over to me, introduces herself, and says, "You know, I'm really drunk right now, but I can still tell a good looking guy when I see one!". Drunk - she must have been bombed! What a great line, though - I'll have to remember that one (substituting "gal" for "guy", obviously!). Unfortunately, I was pretty out of it myself, which usually means (and did, in this case) that I can forget about getting lucky. Oh well - I'm sure I'll see her around again (so don't feel too sorry for me, guys - I know you're all really upset!). Anyhow, to all you many good looking and/or young girls/women out there reading this - you can have me for next to nothing! Not only am I handsome, caring, sensitive, modest, gentle yet masculine - I'm also very kind to small land animals - at least kinder to them than Kerry Von Erich is! (Ask "Uncle" Dave Meltzer to tell you his "Kerry And The Cat" story sometime - it has something to do with a Brain Claw being put on a cat that had been smashed up against a tree, I believe...)...Sorry I can't really slag off announcer Ed "Dead" Whalen this issue - the **TSN WRESTLING** show has sucked so bad that it's been impossible to watch without speeding through it on fast forward on the old VCR...With all the criticism of the **NWA** merchandise, why they haven't come out with the Ole Anderson "Evil Mean & Nasty" T-shirt is beyond me. I mean, I'd buy one, wouldn't you? They're just so fucking cool, man! (Hey, Lance - this is from my rough notes from Greensboro almost two months ago!)...Speaking of the "Man Of Lunch", he has written a great lengthy piece for **GAG** that unfortunately came in too late for publication this time. Next time for sure - but in the mean time, and in between time (sorry, Ed Whalen fans - I couldn't resist!), check out Lance's totally fab sheet - **CHOKEHOLD!** One of the best! (\$1 an issue from 3113 South Parnell Ave., Chicago, IL 60616-3111.)...May as well keep plugging here. Since we only have so much space I will limit my plugs to wrestling sheets that may appeal to the non-wrestling fan, since that's what my goal with **GAG** is, too. **RWRB PRO WRESTLING SUSHI** is truly an amazing publication. Actually the editor of the **WORM THING** (my affectionate nickname for it) - sometimes known as one Jeff Mullins - and myself have formed The Jeff's Mutual Admiration Society. Basically, Jeff seems to like my stuff a lot (for some unknown reason), while I think that he is the most original and talented sheet writer today. (\$1 per from PO Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158.)...Ron Lemieux tries to put out a fine, upstanding publication named **ARENA REPORT**. However, he keeps getting dared to print...

I'm bi-polar. Undiagnosed at this time, but writing the Random column I was way on the manic side.!!

MEANDERINGS CONTINUED...

...really sick J.Z. Travis letters that get worse and worse! (A bargain at 75¢ an ish from 916 Sloewood Ct., Lake Mary, FL 32746.)...Finally, Brian Tramel puts out **TAPE UPDATE**. Only 50¢ an issue (another bargoon!) for more Rat talk and other sick fun, plus details on lots of great rasslin' videos Bri has for sale! (1806 Self Circle, Apt. #B, Jonesboro, AR 72401.) ...no issue of **GAG** would be complete without mention of my two fave TV shows (although I almost hate to talk about them, since it seems like they're so fuckin' trendy these days): **MARRIED...WITH CHILDREN** and **THE SIMPSONS**. Bart Simpson is just cooler than fuck (best Bart line from the past few shows: "Hey - don't rock the boat, man! Whatever it is - we're makin' out like bandits!"), while Christina "Kelly Bundy" Applegate is the chick of my dreams (along with Traci Lords - by the way, my fave Traci porn flick is **LUST IN THE FAST LANE** - just thought that you all would wanna know!)...Speaking of Trace, I went and saw the new movie she's in called **CRY-BABY** (there's a hyphen in there, Lance). Besides the fact that it's a totally bonus movie (with a great soundtrack), I just have one thing to say: **DO ME, TRACI - NOW!**...As mentioned earlier, I got a new typewriter! One of these hi-tech units with eight million features that I'll never use! One thing I do like about it is how I can add words into the built-in spelling thing - guess what word I put in first, eh? Of course, it was the word "f---" - had to do that just once - makes me feel like my censored **WORM THING GAG**'s again!...Watch the pages of the **NWA** (sorry - **WCW**) **WRESTLING WRAP-UP** in the near future for a fine J.Z. Travis letter to the editor (there, D.B. - you have to print it now - millions will be waiting in anticipation, man!)...In the chintzy B-Movie department, I recently picked up a copy of a "classic" called **CHERRY 2000**. I'm certainly not a big Melanie Griffith fan, or a fan of girls with red hair, but Melanie's got red hair in this movie and she looks real good! A Cherry 2000 is a Hot Love Blonde bimbo robot with no real brain or thoughts to speak of other than to cook, clean and have sex with you, so you gotta love that! (I sure do - wonder where you can buy one!)...I must admit to being totally fascinated, intrigued, and otherwise totally hooked by **TWIN PEAKS**. Awfully bizarre stuff, and funnier than hell, to boot. Plus that Sherilyn Fenn (who plays Audrey Horne) almost makes me want to give up my obsession with short, big-breasted blondes. She is **HOT!**...Sad to see Chris Cruise gone from the **NWA**. He was getting better and better every week. You know, it's really tough being a major fan of the **NWA** right now, with all the bullshit going on...I'll have to throw my two cents in on this Robocop thing - I think Jim Cornette summed it up for me in one word on a recent **WCW** - "malarky" (is that how you spell it - I couldn't find it in the dictionary). But - it could prove to be a very wise business move, if it does get the interest of the non-wrestling fan...Tune wise, the group that I'm playing to death right now is **THE CYNICS**. Just great garage-psych-pop-rock-whatever stuff! Their newest one is called simply "Rock 'N' Roll" and is well worth picking up. If you can't find it in your local record store (**WOODSTOCK RECORDS** has it, of course), send a SASE to **GET HIP DISTRIBUTION**, Columbus & Prebles Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233 for ordering information on it and other neat stuff. Or, if you're relucky enough to be Canadian (like me!), write to **MADAME X'S MAIL ORDER**, 55 Douglas Ave., Kingston, ONT K7K 6B5...Chris and Mark Youngblood have looked very impressive in the **NWA** so far - that match a while back against The Midnight Express was hot! Great outfits and make-up, too - unlike The Freebirds eye make-up (the less said about that, the better!)...Forgot to thank that ever-controversial "Potshot" guy for the new **GAG** logo on the front cover - so, thanks, "Potshot" guy!...Coming up later on is another installment of "From Missy, Etc.", where wrestling's Hottest Love Babe (From Hell, of course, but I'm getting damn sick of everybody using that all the time!) answers another teen-with-love-problem thing, in the way only Missy can do it! (Hey - what other sheet has Missy as a semi-regular columnist, eh?! So there!) Besides, did you know that Missy was actually born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada - making her, like, sort of Canadian, so that's pretty cool!...Anyways, I just came...err, I mean - I'm all meandered out. However, I, of course, have another line or two to fill and it just pisses me right off when I don't end a page at almost the same spot at the bottom as the other pages! I won't remind you, though, that you actually have to pay for this meaningless gibberish. (Oh - guess I just did!) Peace, man.

*Woodstock Records I lost due to a fire in 1994. It was
incredibly successful - my best year was
600 thousand in 1988 in a small city of 34,000 (cont p97)*

LETTERS GALORE!

HEAVY STUFF, MAN!

Something that I've always wondered about is when an announcer talks about a wrestler having an "open" or "closed" fist. **WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY** defines "fist" as "the hand when clenched, with the fingers folded tightly into the palm". If it's open, it's not a fist, right? And if it's a fist, it has to be closed! This bugs me.

Jeff Fraser
Embryo, ONT

(JZ: I'd like to have a snappy, sarcastic comeback to this one but I can't do it 'cause Jeff is the guy who tapes me the weekly **TBS** shows, and has kept me in pornos when **AMERICAN EXXTASY** was still on the dish. So instead I'll say - Jeff, you have raised a very valid and thought-provoking point. Thank you for sharing it with us.)

THIS GUY'S AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR FOR THE APTER MAGS!

Thanks for **GAG**. Funny stuff! You are truly one warped individual.

Andy Rodriguez
Lynbrook, NY

(JZ: I may be warped, but at least I'm a real person - and not just a figment of Bill Apter's imagination!)

GREENSBORO LIVES ON!

I thought the **WRESTLE WAR '90** weekend last February was behind me. But I received a call from the **HOLIDAY INN** in Greensboro the other day - seems that two young girls reported getting obscene phone calls from a certain J.Z. Travis after Ric Flair's birthday party on the Sunday night. They contacted me because Fanzine Norman (he's not just a Ninja, a Ranger, or a Candlestick Maker) found a copy of my sheet, **ARENA REPORT** (with a letter from J.Z. in it) on the lobby floor, and gave it to the proper authorities. After questioning me, the last thing they said was that they were sending Dynamite Kid to Woodstock, Ontario to "clip some Travis hair".

Ron Lemieux
Lake Mary, FL

(JT: Sorry I had to edit your letter, but I thought it might be offensive to some of our readers. Had to leave the great rhyming in, though!)

HARRY WHITE'S LETTER FROM HELL!

Trying to live down my Al Bundy reputation, I registered with one of those "swingers" clubs for couples. While eagerly anticipating the arrival of the first hot to trot pair, I dozed off for a few minutes. What a fantasy nightmare I had! The couple standing on my porch ready for an evening of wild swinging was the **WWF** team of Dusty Rhodes and his valet Sapphire. Can you even imagine a night with them?! Following that traumatic shock, my libido will only be mentioned in the past tense.

Harry White
St. Louis, MO

7

*should also mention that I sold a large amount of
back issue sets because of this issue.*
FROM MISSY, WITH LOVE!

GOTTA PROBLEM? ASK MISSY!

Dear Missy:

I have a problem with a certain boy. I think he likes me, but how can I be sure? He stares at me in class, but in the hallways he calls me names and pulls my hair. I think he's a jerk, but boy is he cute!

What should I do?

Lorie Presswell (age 14)
Ingersoll, ONT

Dear Lorie:

Go up and ask him if he wants to mess around!

Love, Missy

THE BIT AT THE END.

You know, if I would have had Missy to get advice from when I was a young, screwed up teen, I still would have been young, screwed up, and maybe even more perverted! Who knows, though - at least I've never touched a chicken before ("Things are breaking down in the GAG!" - classic Jim Ross line!). I have this friend, Paul-Joe Vanetti, that brags about what he's done to (or would that be "with"?) chickens. But enough of that - this is "Pro Wrestling's FAMILY Publication" (long-time readers will remember that line on the back of the now ultra-valuable GAG T-SHIRT FROM HELL (GAG PRODUCT #4, I believe - the one that "Wildfire" Tommy Robinson (hope you're feeling better, bud!) still owes me seven bucks for!). One more thing before I let you go: on a picky note, if I may - if anyone ever prints anything by me, it's "Later," with a comma, okay? No dots! Hope you all had some fun - I'm outta here!

THE "LATER,"

Later,



MORE OF THE BIT AT THE END.

Nothing much more, really - I just realized that I had some empty space to fill so I'll just do a run-on sentence here with the express purpose of rambling on about nothing in particular because I can't be bothered to look for some goofy thing to fill up the rest of this blank page that's staring me in the face right now! (Whew!) Wow, look at the word "staring" in the line above (or the attempt at spelling it)! I gotta go to bed. Christina, where are you? (On second thought, maybe I'll take Traci with me tonight.) Later...(fuck off with the dots, J.Z.!!)

without getting into long winded details, this may sound arrogant - I was pretty brilliant in marketing and promotions, stuff that no other record store that I knew of did back then and to this day

THE SICKEST MOMENTS in WRESTLING HISTORY

PART I

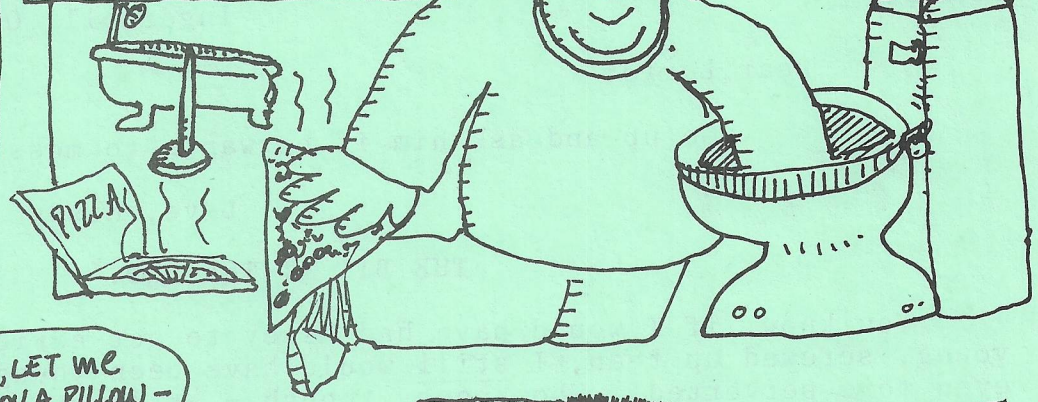
WHOOOPS.

YUKON ERIK
LOSES AN EAR TO A KILLER KOWALSKI KNEEDROP...

FLAP!

WRESTLING HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS A "SICK" FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT. STILL, EVEN IN THIS WEIRD DEMONONDE, THERE ARE MOMENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT STAND OUT AS ESPECIALLY SICK...

DUSTY SHOWS OFF HIS HEREDITARY PLUMBING SKILLS...



VINCE INHERITS A PROMOTION...

HERE, LET ME GET YOU A PILLOW - YOU LOOK UNCOMFORTABLE...

HOGAN, GET READY -- YOU'RE ON!

MRMPHH!

WAHOO GETS A RAZOR BLADE STUCK IN HIS FORE-HEAD...

EVER GET THAT SUCKER OUT, WAHOO?

THERE'S A, UH, A PAIN, UH, IN MY, UH, MY... HEART -- YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET, MY HEART! YEAH!

FRITZ STAGES A FAKE HEART ATTACK...

I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK!

ERIC EMBRY FORCES KERRY VON ERICH TO DO A JOB FOR A MEXICAN KID WHO USED TO SET UP THE RING...

OKAY, KERRY - NOW YOU GET ME A COKE!

TARAS BULBOUS

AND, FRANKLY, MY BACK HASN'T BEEN SO HOT, EITHER...

the staple thing is because I never stapled issues back in the day